



T H E

Secret Expedition.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, at Vauxball.

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TO the gallant arm'd train,
Who are crossing the main,
In the cause of the country and King,
To the Chief in command,
Of the alt-glorious band,
The warmest of wishes we sing.

CHORUS.

Every Briton will join,
Hand and heart in the strain;
Every voice shall support the petition,
That heaven may bless,
With brilliant success,
Brave York and the Grand Expedition.

Neighbour France, you oft swore,
When threat'ning our shore,
What mighty great feats you would do;
But so long you delay,
The kind Visit to pay,
We're resolv'd to--wait upon you.

Gallic's "fraternal embrace,"
Tho' it fail'd to take place,
So highly we prize, as her suit,
That we sent to her coast,
A noble find host,
To give her a--British Salute.

When arriv'd on her shore,
Let her welcome us o'er,
With Caira on fife or on drum;
In return for her song,
We will teach her, ere long,
The chorus of "Britons strike home."

Since "an Army" France nam'd,
"Of England" so fam'd
Tis pity that she should not have one;
So far that compliment,
We this army have sent,
Convinc'd that she'll find it a brave one.

Old England, whose trade,
Is not galconade,
No "buckram-suit" army announ'd
But "soldiers in shoes,"
Shall pay Frenchmen all
So, Monsieurs, take care of
Every Briton, &c.